

Showing Appreciation by alreynolds13

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Summary:

A late night at the station with Jim takes an interesting turn.

Showing Appreciation

Author's Note:

So I binged both seasons of Stranger Things a few weeks ago, and quickly fell down a Hopper trashcan. Here's hoping that this fic helps purge some of the consuming dirty thoughts I've been having about this man.

The sun was starting to set and, except for the hum of overhead lights and the occasional flutter of a page turning, there had been no sound or movement at the Hawkins Police Station for the past couple of hours. You glanced up from the mystery novel propped on the desk in front of you, turning a cramped neck to look over at the large wall clock.

6:23pm.

Giving a sigh, your eyes trailed over to Chief Hopper's office, where the door was still firmly shut. What the hell was he doing in there? You hadn't heard a peep out of him in almost three hours, when he had stormed out of the office, grumbling to himself and pacing around a bit, before grabbing a folder out of a filing cabinet and secluding himself back in his office. Hell, he could be dead in there for all you'd know, with his lack of noise or activity.

Debating for a few long moments before making up your mind, you marked the page of your book and put it down on the desk. Rising from the chair, you lifted stiff arms over your head and stretched out limbs that had been sitting in one position for far too long.

While you weren't an official employee at the station, you had recently starting helping out part-time on the weekends. Chief Jim Hopper had been putting in a lot of overtime lately, and Flo was exhausted trying to keep up with his late hours during the week. Hopper had said that he didn't need anyone in the office with him, but Flo still worried and didn't want him here alone.

That's where you had come in. On top of your main 9-5 job

throughout the week, you had also spent the last three Saturdays here, running the front desk. The town of Hawkins rarely had any real emergencies, hence them not being open 24/7. And since the station was technically closed on weekends, there were rarely any calls and not much to do, so it was an easy way to make a few extra bucks and get some reading done, since Hopper mostly stayed holed up in his office. In fact, you tended to make random excuses to knock on his door, just to make sure he was still alive in there.

Which was what you were doing right now. He had been radio silent for long enough to make you curious, and a tad bit worried, so you strode quietly across the tiles and lifted your hand to give a light knock. After a long pause where there was no answer, not even a grunt of welcome, you turned the handle and opened the door.

Peeking inside, you saw, with a tad more relief than you wanted to admit, that Hopper was indeed still alive. He was staring intensely at the papers spread out on the desk before him, so focused on his task that he didn't seem to realize you were standing there, and probably hadn't heard you knock, either. You were just about to quietly back out and leave him be, when he seemed to sense your presence, his head lifting and eyes zeroing in on you.

Irritable and aloof as he may be, you couldn't deny that the chief was a very handsome man. His blue eyes looked tired, and his mouth was set in a hard line, but it still didn't detract from the masculine features that always seemed to spark a little zing of awareness each time you saw him. His hat was off, and he ran a hand through his hair with agitation, before bringing it down to wipe over the front of his face. You suddenly found yourself jealous of the long, thick fingers that teased through his beard and stopped to rest lightly over his mouth.

"What time is it?" he asked, his fatigue-rasped voice jolting you out of your wayward thoughts.

"Almost 6:30," you responded, prompting him to puff out an expletive under his breath.

"Have you ate anything since breakfast?" you asked, walking further into the room. He seemed grumpy, which wasn't out of the ordinary,

but he wasn't snappy and had spoken in actual words, not just grunts, so you took this as a sign that he was in a fairly decent mode.

He gestured to the far edge of his desk, where five empty styrofoam cups sat. "I had coffee."

Barely resisting the urge to roll your eyes, you moved forward, gathering up the cups and tossing them into the garbage bin by the door. You turned around in time to see him rub his brow and let out a sigh of frustration as he once again glared at the papers in front of him.

"Maybe take a small break, then come back and look at it with fresh eyes?" you suggested. Hopper wasn't the only one who hadn't had dinner yet, and you were craving both a meal and a long, hot bath at home, neither of which would happen until he was ready to close up for the night.

All you got in response to your suggestion was a grunt of disapproval. Frowning, you walked up behind him, curious to see what it was that held his attention so thoroughly. You expected him to move the papers out of view or tell you to leave, but surprisingly, he didn't.

The papers didn't make much sense to you, a bunch of random typed up reports and numbers scattered in no particular order that you could see. They also were much less intriguing than the man sitting in front of you. With his head bent slightly forward, you could see how much tension Hopper was carrying in his shoulders and neck. He was like a tightly coiled spring, and it was no wonder he tended to snap out and rarely showcase an expression that wasn't a scowl.

Without even pausing to think about the consequences of such an action, you lifted your hands and rested them firmly on his broad shoulders, pressing in with your thumbs and instantly finding the hard knots of tension. He tensed up even more at your touch, jerking slightly and most likely about to ask what the hell you were doing. However, when your fingers dug into his flesh, he gave an involuntary groan of pleasure. Trying, and failing, not to think of other situations in which Hopper might let out a noise like that, you continued with your ministrations, finding each knot of tension and attacking it with gentle force until it disappeared. Your hands worked

up the sides of his neck, before coming back down to where it curved into what were really quite impressive shoulders. You pushed along the back of his neck, then spread out along the breadth of him, the difference in your sizes even more noticeable now that your hands were on him.

Clearing your throat and attempting to push the decidedly unprofessional thoughts away, you broke the silence in the room. "You keep up these long hours with no nourishment, and you're going to give Flo a stroke or put yourself in the hospital."

When there was no immediate reply, you tilted your head, looking at his profile. His eyes were closed, mouth slightly parted as he lost himself in the sensations of your massage, and you couldn't help but smile at the sight.

"You've been breaking your back lately, trying to help this town, Jim. Don't think we haven't noticed."

He seemed to come back to himself at that, and gave a huffed laugh. "Yea, right. That's why I'm fending off angry phone calls about destroyed pumpkin patches and strange child sightings almost every day from people who like to tell me that I'm not doing enough."

"Well, in case no one has told you lately, *I* appreciate all you're doing for this town. You help keep us safe...and look pretty damn good while doing so."

Your eyes widened as you realized that you had indeed muttered that last part under your breath, rather than just thinking it. Praying that he hadn't heard you correctly, or wasn't overly paying attention, you dropped your hands from his shoulders and started rounding the desk, meaning to make a hasty exit and go hide your beet-red face at the front desk for the rest of your shift. What the hell had you been thinking, waltzing in and putting your hands on him, before letting slip that you found him attractive...really attractive. Okay, let's be honest, you had it bad for the man, but that didn't mean that you had to make a fool out of yourself around him.

You only made it about halfway across the room before a large, rough hand wrapped around your wrist, effectively halting your

forward movement. Turning your head with a soft gasp, you were surprised to find that Hopper had risen from his chair and followed you; for such a large man, he was still agile and quick to react.

Trying to ignore the way your stomach flopped in excitement at his actions, you looked down at your wrist pointedly before quirked an eyebrow up at him in question. You had been expecting him to drop your hand at that point, and maybe even look a little ashamed for manhandling you, but it turned out that Hopper was full of surprises today. His grip tightened slightly for a fraction of a second before loosening again, and he took a step closer to you, pushing just enough into your air space to cause hair to stand up all over your body.

His voice was lower than usual, as he husked, "You wanna run that last part by me again?"

A tiny dart of fear raced down your spine as you tilted your head back and looked up into his face, his brow furrowed and mouth taut. He was so much larger than you were, easily dwarfing your shorter frame and reminding you how very alone the two of you were in this moment. Not that you believed he would do anything to intentionally hurt you...but just the thought that he *could*, the possibility of him using all that brute strength to do whatever he wanted to you, made you have to swallow down the whimper that had lodged in your throat.

Staring up at him with wide eyes, you tried to backtrack, thoughts racing and body starting to tremble with a mixture of nervousness and arousal. Unfortunately, your brain had decided to take a vacation, and you were left gaping up at him soundlessly, the red burn of embarrassment creeping over your cheeks.

He stepped forward, his body pressing up against your own, causing you to gasp and automatically take a step back. He took another step, and another, using his body to silently herd you in the direction that he wanted. You continued to back up, trying to reclaim your personal space, the movements like some deranged form of dance. The dance came to a sudden halt when your back came into solid contact with the wall.

Reaching out, Hopper pressed his left hand against the wall beside your head, effectively caging you in on one side. His other hand twitched at his side, but he kept it there...for now. His chest was bare inches from your own, and you could feel the heat emanating off of him in waves. Looking up was a mistake, one you realized too late, as your gaze was trapped by his own. You were unable to look away as warmth trailed down your spine and settled low in your belly at the heat you saw flaring to life in his eyes.

“As if it isn’t enough of a distraction having you here, knowing that you’re sitting just in the next room,” he huffed out. You struggled to keep up with what he was saying, shocked to realize that your attraction wasn’t as one-sided as you thought. “As if I don’t already have a hard enough time keeping my eyes off your cute little ass as it struts by in those jeans, or keeping my hands off those beautiful tits as they bounce with every step.”

Your head was buzzing slightly and you were breathing heavily as his words coiled around you, mixing with the musky, masculine scent that was all Hopper and creating a concoction that left you speechless.

“I’m curious to know just how far your *appreciation* of me goes,” he growled, the hand at his side finally rising to grip your chin, lifting until the line of your neck was exposed to him.

You couldn’t contain the slight whimper that left your lips when he brought his head down and nipped at your jugular, before trailing his mouth along the smooth column of your throat. The rough brush of his beard caused you to break out in goosebumps, and your eyes fluttered shut as his mouth found a particularly sensitive spot behind your ear. He slowly traced the outer curves with his tongue before taking the lobe between his teeth.

“I bet you’re already wet for me, aren’t you, little girl?”

Moaning in response, you felt an instant rush of moisture that validated his claim. You almost fell to the floor when he followed this up with another question.

“Shall I check and see?”

Your eyes opened as he pulled back, and he was intently watching your face for a reaction. Staring back with lust-filled eyes, you bit your bottom lip and nodded. With that, he gave a guttural groan and fastened his mouth to yours, tongue thrusting past your lips without hesitation, as he thoroughly staked his claim on you.

The fingers that had been resting lightly on the curve of your neck trailed downward, before he paused to cup the curve of your breast. You felt him smile against your lips when you arched your back, pushing your flesh closer into his hand, and you almost whined in frustration when he instead resumed his downward movement. You weren't upset for long, as his hand traced a path of warmth down over your waist, before he moved to the front of your jeans and deftly unbuttoned them and pulled down the zipper.

You moved your head to the side, tearing your mouth from his to sharply draw in air at the feel of his hand delving beneath your jeans and underwear. His fingers slid down over your pubic hair before he cupped your entire pussy in his hand, his mouth once more pressing kisses into your throat. He slid his middle finger back and forth between your lips, collecting the moisture that was waiting there and showcasing just how ready you were for him.

"Damn, is this all for me?"

When you didn't respond, the hand that had been on the wall grabbed a fistful of your hair, pulling your head back forcefully so that you were once again looking up at him, as he growled, "Tell me, baby. Tell me it's all for me."

"Yes...it's all for you. Please, Jim..." your words morphed into a moan as he inserted the finger that had been playing around your entrance into your dripping cunt. He gave a few shallow thrusts before adding a second finger and pushing both of them as deep as they could go, causing your body to stretch slightly around his thick digits.

"God damn, you're tight," he growled against your lips, his fingers and tongue starting to thrust in sync, a teasing preview of something else that you wanted thrusting inside your willing body.

Just the thought of your current situation was enough to cause a guttural moan to slip past your lips. You could only imagine how this looked, with you pushed up against the wall by the large figure of Hawkin's chief of police, jeans unbuttoned and open as his hand worked between your thighs. Your cheeks were flushed and mouth parted as you breathed in little gasping pants, while he whispered filthy comments in your ear. The brush of his beard was rough against your cheek, and you felt him smirk when a twist of his fingers made you give a particularly needy whine.

You had one hand braced up on his massive shoulder, and the other reached out to wrap around his wrist, using his body as an anchor so that you didn't melt into the floor. The slow drag of his rough, calloused fingers against your sensitive inner walls was enough to make you forget your own name. In fact, the sounds pouring out of your lips were definitely incoherent and lacking in any form of intelligence.

Apparently Hopper wasn't having the same issue, as he clearly whispered against your lips, "You gonna come all over my fingers, baby? That's it, show me how much you want to be fucked."

His words, mixed with the sensations of his fingers in your cunt, served to push you up and over the edge of a glorious orgasm, one that flowed through your body and caused you to cry out helplessly as you trembled with the overwhelming pleasure. Your nails were digging brutally into Hopper's wrist, and it took you a good minute to calm down enough to release your grip and let him remove his hand from your flesh.

Leaning your head back against the wall with eyes closed, you struggled to catch your breath, a task which was made even more difficult at the feel of Hopper's fingers running under your shirt and across your stomach, before he grabbed the hem and pulled it upwards. Obeying the silent command, you lifted your arms up so that he could remove the garment. He then reached around your back and released the clasp on your bra, removing it, as well.

You opened heavy lids just in time to see Hopper slowly lick his lips while staring at your chest. Your nipples hardened from a combination of the chill office air and the heat of his gaze. Not

wanting to be the only one rapidly losing clothing, you pushed away from the wall, finally able to stand on your own without fear of falling, and started working on the row of buttons down the front of his uniform.

The beige material parted to showcase a broad chest with a spattering of dark hair. Unlike the lean and muscular men usually found on covers of the paperback romance novels that were so popular among the housewives around town, Hopper's body was bulkier, thicker...stronger. His stomach might have seen more than its fair share of beers, but it would be a mistake to think that he was weak or out of shape. All one had to do was take a look at the massive shoulders and arms that were revealed as he pulled the shirt down and off. His biceps were thick with muscle that flexed slightly when he tossed the shirt carelessly to the side, and you gave a shudder of desire at the possibility of all that solid strength at your disposal.

As if he had read your thoughts, he stepped forward, and without any hesitation or grunt of discomfort, promptly picked you up by the waist and turned to the side of his desk, setting you down on the cool, smooth surface. He took a moment to haphazardly stack the scattered papers behind you into a messy pile, before shoving them into a folder and tossing it to the floor.

While he was distracted, you decided to take matters into your own hands, and pushed the undone jeans down your thighs and calves, before kicking them off with your toes. When he refocused on you, and found you reclined on top of his desk clad in only a pale green pair of panties, his nostrils flared as he gave a low growl under his breath.

You automatically opened your legs when he came closer, allowing him to slip between your thighs, chest pressing down onto your own as he took your mouth in a kiss that was even more passionate than the previous ones. His hands skimmed down your sides, feathering over your ribs and spanning the width of your waist, before moving upwards and cupping your breasts in his large palms. And when his mouth left yours, trailing a path down over your chest to replace one of his hands, you were only able to pant and whine and arch up into him, as he skillfully used lips and tongue and teeth to work at your

nipples and devour every inch of your curves.

His hips were pressed up between your thighs, and he ground his hips into you, the pressure of his still-clad cock rubbing against the soaked barrier of your underwear and making you almost frantic with need. You pulled gently on his hair until his head lifted from your swollen, saliva-coated nipples, eyes moving up and locking with your own, his pupils blown wide with desire.

“Please, Jim. Fuck me!” you begged, unable to any longer stand the emptiness that only he could fill.

Giving a groan at your needy words, he straightened and reached down to start unbuckling his belt. You watched, mesmerized, as he opened his pants and pushed both them and his briefs down his thighs. His cock sprung forward, and in this arena, the romance novel stereotypes *were* true. He was long and thick and hard with desire, and your body clenched in anticipation of feeling every delicious inch deep inside you.

Not even bothering to remove your panties, he hooked a finger in the crotch and pulled them to the side with one hand, then used the other to run his cock slowly up and down your outer lips, coating himself in your wetness and causing you to jerk and gasp each time the head bumped against your clit. Leaning down over you, so that his mouth was bare centimeters from your own, he husked, “Tell me how bad you want it, baby. Show me how much you appreciate me.”

You should’ve been annoyed at his arrogant reference to your earlier comment, but you were too far gone at the moment to care. You wrapped your arms around his neck and lifted your mouth to his, running your tongue over his bottom lip; he tasted of a combination of cigarettes, coffee, and something that was pure Hopper. Arching your hips in silent plea, you decided to pull out a card that you hoped would break his last thread of control.

“Yes, please, I want you...fuck me, Chief.”

Your lips tipped slightly into a smirk when he gave a pained groan in response, his reaction to the endearment exactly as you had hoped. However, the smirk was quickly wiped off your face and replaced

with an open-mouthed moan, when he positioned the tip of his dick at your entrance and gave one long, slow thrust until he was seated deep inside of you. Your walls stretched to accommodate his girth, the slight burn fading into an overwhelming feeling of fullness that took your breath away.

“Holy shit...fuck!” he exclaimed from where his face had dropped down to hide in the curve of your throat.

You both stayed like that for a few long moments, you trying to relearn how your lungs worked, while Hopper clenched his teeth and tried not to come, the feel of your tight, wet heat around him intense enough to drive him to the edge with just one thrust.

Eventually, it wasn't enough, and you wiggled your hips slightly, the movement constricted by his large form pressing down onto you. His chest rubbed deliciously against your over sensitized nipples, and you lifted your legs to wrap around his waist as, with a grunt, he finally started to move.

He pulled back slowly, so slowly that you swore you could feel the brush of every vein along his cock inside you. He then thrust back inside with a quick snap of his hips that caused you to cry out and dig your nails into his shoulders. He continued at this pace, drawing back slowly before driving inside of you, then grinding hard up against your pelvis at the end of each thrust, providing friction on your clit and filling you so deeply that you swore you could feel him all through your body.

Sweat ran down over his neck and chest as he pushed himself up on shaking arms and looked down at you, jaw clenched and hair disheveled as he fucked you steadily into the desk. His hands were wrapped around your hips, his fingers digging in hard enough that you'd most likely be showcasing bruises later, as he anchored your body so that it didn't slide across the smooth wood.

Sparks of pleasure darted from your cunt out along your entire body with each thrust and grind, as you roughly squeezed one of your breasts with one hand and clawed at the desk underneath you with the other.

You could tell that he was close by the frequency of his grunts and the way his hips stuttered a bit, fighting to maintain their rhythm. Wanting to see him come undone, to feel that massive body let go and give itself up to the pleasure, you coaxed him along.

“I want to see you come, Chief. Come right here, all over my tits.”

Those were apparently the magic words, because he pulled out of you with a strangled moan, the twinge of disappointment at his withdrawal cut short by the sight of him grabbing his cock and giving it quick, hard strokes. After only a few seconds, he threw his head back with a soft yell, the muscles in his arms and chest clenched taut as he reached his orgasm, shooting creamy stripes of come along your breasts and stomach. His upper body fell forward, and he slammed one hand on the desk beside your hip to steady himself, his other hand slowly dragging along his cock a few more times to draw out a final shudder. He looked down at you with an expression almost of awe, and you gave him a soft smile in return.

You hadn't reached your own peak, but seeing as how you weren't usually one for multiple orgasms, and had already had a mind-blowing one all over his fingers earlier, you didn't mind. However, it seemed that Hopper didn't agree with this line of thinking, and you were confused when he suddenly stepped back and placed his hands on your hips to swivel you 90 degrees, so that your pussy was facing the window behind his desk.

You watched as he walked around the edge of the desk before sitting down in his chair. He reached up and pulled the pair of panties that were now utterly soaked in both arousal and sweat down your legs, before inserting his chest between your thighs and hiking your calves up so that they draped over his shoulders.

You realized what he was about to do, and were unable to do more than give a needy sound of encouragement as he leaned forward and buried his face in your pussy. He didn't start slow or work you up to it, he just dove right in, using every trick at his disposal to lick and nip and suck until you were once again, to your shock, balanced at the edge of orgasm. Your hands clenched at the hands that he had wrapped around your thighs, his strong arms keeping you immobile on the desk so that you couldn't arch or twist away. And it was when

he sucked your clit between his lips and quickly shook his head back and forth that you flew up and into the stratosphere, your body convulsing with waves of pleasure that utterly blew you apart with their intensity.

You stared sightlessly up at the ceiling as your body collapsed bonelessly on the desk, little quivers of aftershocks shooting along your legs, which were still propped up on Hopper's shoulders. You shuddered when he turned his head and kissed your inner thigh, the brush of his beard like a full-body caress to your heightened senses. He continued to kiss his way down your thigh, before turning his head and repeating the process with the other one, before you finally gave a groan and pushed feebly at his head to dislodge him.

"You're trying to kill me," you rasped, causing him to give a deep chuckle that vibrated against your flesh.

"As you mentioned earlier, I didn't have dinner yet, so I was a bit ravenous."

Eyes which had just drifted shut popped back open, and your head lifted to regard him. Was Hopper actually joking with you? A bearded smirk and twinkling eyes met your gaze, and you realized that he was, indeed, teasing you. To think that all he needed to lighten up was a nice, hard fuck on his desk, you thought with a breathless giggle.

"Speaking of, how about we make ourselves presentable and head down to the diner before it closes? I could really go for a burger right about now."

If his joking had surprised you, then this utterly smacked you upside the head in shock. It was well-known around town, thanks to the gossip of spurned lovers, that Hopper was the type to make a quick getaway after sex and decidedly not call the next morning. And he definitely didn't take a woman out for dinner afterwards.

While surprised at the gesture, it didn't take you more than a split second to make your decision. Giving a nod down at him, where he was still sitting between your legs, you agreed, "A burger sounds perfect."

He gave one last kiss to your flesh, this time at the inside of your knee, before he gently removed your legs from his shoulders and stood up from the chair. He once again picked you up by the waist and settled you on your feet in front of him, making sure you didn't sway or stumble before letting go. Smiling up at him, you reached up on tiptoes, arms looping around his neck to pull his head down to your own, as you kissed him long and deep.

You were awfully proud of yourself that he was once again breathing heavily by the time you pulled away. You grazed one last soft kiss to his chin before letting him go and turning to gather up the clothing that was strewn around the office.

"How's *that* for appreciation," you tossed over your shoulder with a wink, the two of you grinning like fools as you pulled on your clothing and closed up the station for the night, before walking arm in arm to the diner down the street.